ALL THE

SUNDAYS IN THE YEAR.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "MANY TEACHERS, BUT ONE LESSON," AND "EARLY LESSONS ABOUT THE SAVIOUR."

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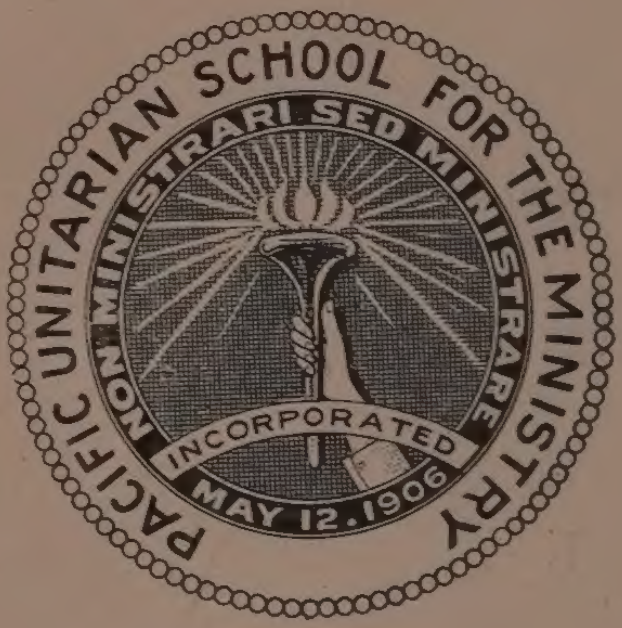
BOSTON:
JOSEPH H. ALLEN.
1872.



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[by Mrs. M. L. Bonnett]

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DEAR CHILDREN:

I AM a little book, as you see, and I was written expressly for you, and am now your own, I commit myself to your care; will you not use me as well as older people do their books?

In the first place, get some kind friend to put a strong cover upon me, of paper or of cloth, and to write your name in the inside. Then choose a place where you will keep me, and always put me in that place when you have done using me.

Never turn down the corners of my leaves, and never handle me with unwashed hands, or

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mark me with a pencil or any other thi
If you will carefully comply with these requ
of mine, you will be surprised to see how n
and fresh I shall look, after you have used
a long, long time.

Then, too, I have a soul as well as a bo
just as you have, and while you are taki
care of my body, you must not neglect
spirit.

Learn carefully the lessons I teach you, a
try to live them in your daily life, and th
you will always rejoice at having owned me
your childhood, and will be the better and t
happier for it.

ONE WORD TO TEACHERS AND PARENTS.

THIS little book was found necessary, in the infant class for which it was written, to remedy a great evil.

The scholars were too young to remember from Sunday to Sunday, where their lesson was to be found, and when they were absent for two or three Sundays, as was oftentimes necessarily the case, they were obliged to come without any lesson. With the arrangement here followed, there can be no difficulty, as each Sunday's lesson is fixed. Five lessons are given for each month, because there *may* be five Sundays in any *one*, but when there are less, the

superfluous ones must, of course, be passed over.

Most of the stanzas are borrowed; some are altered from their original reading, and a few were written for this book. All are intended to convey useful lessons, and to cultivate a kindly, loving spirit.

UXBRIDGE, May, 1865.

OUR LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR FATHER which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

FIRST SUNDAY IN JANUARY.

Now the old year's passed away
And a new one just begun;
Let me from this very day
Try all former faults to shun.

Let me strive with all my might,
Both in my work and in my play,
Always to do the thing that's right,
Always the kindest word to say.

SECOND SUNDAY IN JANUARY.

THE sun with golden ray,
The moon and stars so gay,
Tell us, both night and day,
That God is love.

Their onward course they wing,
Both life and light they bring,
And sweet and clear they sing
That God is love.

THIRD SUNDAY IN JANUARY.

THE same kind Heavenly Father,
Who forms the flowers so fair,
Who makes the grass and merry birds,
And the sweet summer air.

He also sends the storms and cold,
And makes the ice and snow,
Calls winter from his hiding place,
And bids the rude wind blow.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN JANUARY

Our good Father who is in Heaven,
And doth all creatures view,
To every little child has given,
Some needful work to do.

Kind words to those with whom we live
Kind words and actions right,
Shall 'mid the world's worst darkness give
A little precious light.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN JANUARY.

HAPPY we meet to-day,
Eager to learn the way
Which we must go.

How we may best fulfil
Our Heavenly Father's will,
While here below.

FIRST SUNDAY IN FEBRUARY.

I WILL not fear,
For God is near,
Through the dark night,
As in the light,
And while I sleep
Safe watch will keep;
Why should I fear
When God is near!

SECOND SUNDAY IN FEBRUARY.

Our Father gives us every day,
All for which we need to pray,
He our pleasant home doth give,
And every happy hour we live.

Sun and stars and bright blue sky,
Birds and flowers to charm the eye;
Shall we not then seek to please
One who grants us gifts like these.

THIRD SUNDAY IN FEBRUARY

The morning bright, with rosy light
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own, thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day I humbly pray
Be thou my guard and guide,
My sins forgive, and let me live,
Blest Jesus, near thy side.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN FEBRUARY.

Come let us all with heart and voice,
To God our Father sing and pray,
In his unceasing love rejoice,
And thank him for this pleasant day.

O, may it be our earnest care,
To free our souls from every sin;
Then will *each* day be bright and fair,
For God's pure sunshine dwells within.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN FEBRUARY.

To try to keep the Golden Rule,
Is what we learn at Sunday School,
The Golden Rule is simply this,
To do to others as we 'd wish
That they should do to us.

FIRST SUNDAY IN MARCH.

THERE'S work enough for all to do
In this wide world of ours;
There's work for me, there's work for you.
Through all the busy hours.

And he who does one loving deed,
And in a loving way,
Shall reap, as fruit of such choice seed,
God's blessing every day.

SECOND SUNDAY IN MARCH.

Busy I must be, and do
What is right and useful too;
What my parents fond and kind
Bid me, I will gladly mind;
Never cause them grief and pain,
Never disobey again.

THIRD SUNDAY IN MARCH.

SPEAK the truth:
Speak it boldly; never fear!
Speak it so that all may hear;
In the end it shall appear
Truth is best, in age and youth;
Speak the truth.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN MARCH.

LITTLE children, love each other,
Is the blessed Saviour's rule;
Every little one is brother
To the little ones at school.

We 're all children of one Father,
The great Lord who lives above,
Shall we quarrel? no; much rather
We would be, like him, all love.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN MARCH.

Praise to God, who made the light;
Praise to him who gave us sight;
Praise to him who formed the ear;
Will he not his children hear?

Praise him for our happy hours,
Praise him for our varied powers;
Praise him, every heart and voice,
Him who makes all worlds rejoice.

FIRST SUNDAY IN APRIL.

WHO made the winter and the spring
Who painted all the flowers?
Who taught the little birds to sing?
Who made these hearts of ours?

O, 't is God! how good he is!
He does every blessing give;
All this happy world is his, —
Let u love him while we live.

SECOND SUNDAY IN APRIL.

We are little flower-buds,
Of life's early spring;
And our little offerings
To our Father bring.

Though so small and helpless,
Jesus calls us his,
Saying, of such children
Heaven's great kingdom is.

THIRD SUNDAY IN APRIL

In all his works, I love to see,
The hand of Him that loveth me,
No flowers or grass, so small, I fin
But shows some traces of his mind

Each lovely flower that holdeth up
In places lone, its dewy cup,
Doth own its Father's thoughtful ca
That shows it what to drink or wea

FOURTH SUNDAY IN APRIL.

'Twas God that made the little fly,
But if you pinch it, it will die:
My Mother tells me God has said,
We must not hurt what God has made;
For God is very kind and good,
And gives e'en little flies their food;
And he loves every little child
Who is kind-hearted, good, and mild.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN APRIL.

Up and doing, little Christian,
Gentle be, and ever kind;
Helpful to thy loving Mother,
E'en her slightest wishes mind.

Up and doing, little Christian,
Up and doing, while 't is day;
Do the work the Master gives you
Do not loiter by the way.

FIRST SUNDAY IN MAY.

We are the lambs of Jesus,
And know our Shepherd's voice;
We follow where He leads us,
And in His care rejoice;

For we are young and feeble,
And apt to go astray;
And He is strong and able,
To guide us in the way.

SECOND SUNDAY IN MAY.

When falling shades and evening dew,
The earth in silence veil,
To Him we should our prayer renew,
Whose mercies never fail.

We must in God fold up our heart,
Ere slumber seal our eyes;
And trust at morn, when sleep departs,
On Him to wake and rise.

THIRD SUNDAY IN MAY.

r glad, as God's so very good;
is He supplies our daily food,
And all we need beside.

n glad, He 'll let us give Him back
giving to the poor who lack,
Some portion of his gifts.

)if we feed a hungry bird,
s keeping of His blessed word,
And doing of His will.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN MAY.

A LITTLE sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by Thee;
And though I am so young and sm
Thou dost take care of me.

Teach me to do whate'er is right,
And when I sin, forgive;
And make it still my chief delight
To love Thee while I live.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN MAY

's love one another, as sister and
brother,
ave we not all the same Father
above;
he lesson He teacheth before every
other,
rely the lesson of kindness and
love.

FIRST SUNDAY IN JUNE.

God careth for the little bird,
He knoweth all its ways;
He careth for the youngest child,
And numbers all its days.

He loves it with a Father's love,
And asketh in return,
That it should love to hear of Him
And all His will to learn.

SECOND SUNDAY IN JUNE.

LOVE the cheerful summer time,
With all its birds and flowers;
s shining garments, green and smooth,
Its cool, refreshing showers.

love to think of Him who made
These pleasant things for me;
Who gave me life, and health, and streng
And eyes that I might see.

THIRD SUNDAY IN JUNE.

God can see me every day,
When I work and when I play;
When I eat and when I drink;
When I sit and only think;
When I 'm quiet, when I 'm rude;
When I 'm naughty, when I 'm good;
When I laugh and when I cry,
God is ever watching nigh.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN JUNE.

LITTLE child, when you're at play,
Do you know, "Our Father" sees you?
He it is who made the day,
Sunshine, birds and flowers to please you;
O, then thank him much, and pray
To be grateful every day.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN JUNE.

My youth is but a Summer's day;
Then like the bee and ant, I'll lay
A store of learning by;
And while from flower to flower I rove,
My stock of wisdom I'll improve,
Nor be a butterfly.

FIRST SUNDAY IN JULY

God cares for every little child,
That on this large earth liveth;
He gives them homes and food and clothes,
And more than these God giveth.

He gives them all their loving friends;
He gives each child its mother;
He gives us all the happiness
Of loving one another.

SECOND SUNDAY IN JULY.

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do;
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too.

It wants a loving spirit,
Much more than strength to prove
How many things a child may do
For others, by its love.

THIRD SUNDAY IN JULY

Lo! the lilies of the field!
How their leaves instruction yield;
Hark to Nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of Heaven;
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles trust and piety;
Children, banish doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN JULY.

The sun gives ever; so the earth;
What it can give, so much 't is worth;
The ocean gives in many ways —
Gives paths, gives fishes, rivers, bays,
So, too, the air it gives us breath, —
When it stops giving, comes in death!
Give, give, be always giving;
Who gives not, is not living.
The more you give,
The more you live.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN JULY.

I MUST be a Christian child,
Gentle, patient, meek and mild;
I must cheerfully obey,
Giving up my will and way;
Must not always thinking be
What is pleasantest to me;
But must try kind things to do
And make others happy too.

FIRST SUNDAY IN AUGUST.

My little eyes were made to see
The earth and all things fair;
My little ears were made to hear
Sweet sounds that fill the air;
My little hands to do their part
Where there is work to do;
My little heart was made to love,
And to be kind and true.

SECOND SUNDAY IN AUGUST.

FATHER, whose heavenly care,
Round us forever,
Numbers our every hair,
Leaving us never.

Gladly that care we own,—
We, who thy love have known;
Grateful before thy throne,
Bow we to-day.

THIRD SUNDAY IN AUGUST.

LOVE one another, children dear;
Jesus' words you cannot hear,
But from his lips they came one day
When he taught to live and pray.

Love in your hearts then always bear,
At home, at school, and everywhere,
For every kindly word and deed,
Leaves where it falls a precious seed.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN AUGUST.

Honey bees are gathering—
Sweets from all the flowers;
er, ever busy all the summer hours;
y we learn the lesson to be busy too
er, ever seeking, useful work to do.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN AUGUST.

NIGHT is over; Heavenly Father,
I would bend my knee and pray;
Help my weakness, guide me safely,
Watch and keep me all the day;
Take away my love of sin;
Let thy Spirit rule within.

FIRST SUNDAY IN SEPTEMBER.

D made the sky that looks so blue,
He made the grass so green;
made the flowers that smell so sweet,
In pretty colors seen.

d made the Sun that shines so bright
And gladdens all I see;
comes to give us heat and light,
How thankful we should be.

SECOND SUNDAY IN SEPTEMBER.

God made the cow, to give nice milk,
The horse for us to use;
I'll treat them kindly for his sake,
Nor dare his gifts abuse.

God made the water for my drink,
He made the fish to swim;
He made the tree to bear nice fruit—
Oh, how should I love Him.

THIRD SUNDAY IN SEPTEMBER.

God is in Heaven, can He see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes, that He can; He looks at me,
All day and all night long.

God is in Heaven, can I go,
To thank Him for his care?
Not yet, but love him here below,
And He will see it there.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN SEPTEMBER.

ALL day, I feel my Father's care,
For he supplies my daily fare,
And every needed good;

And when night comes, and I'm aslee
His loving watch he still doth keep,
To guard me from all harm.

Thus night and day, I feel his love,
And humbly pray that I may prove
A grateful, loving child.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN SEPTEMBER.

THE little birds can fly and sing,
The flowers are sweet and fair,
But yet they cannot learn of God,
Or thank him for his care;
But I can learn about his love,
And thank him in my prayer.

FIRST SUNDAY IN OCTOBER.

SPEAK gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart,
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough, they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

SECOND SUNDAY IN OCTOBER.

In the sun, the moon, and sky,
On the mountains wild and high,
In the thunder, in the rain,
In the grove, the wood, the plain,
In the little birds which sing,
God is seen in every thing.

THIRD SUNDAY IN OCTOBER.

"LET them come, the little children,
To my fold and to my breast,"
Said the gentle, loving Saviour,
As the children round him pressed

We will struggle, daily, hourly,
That we may by Thee be blest;
To Thy fold, oh! let us enter;
Take us to thy loving breast.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN OCTOBER.

I MAY, if I have but a mind,
Do good in many ways;
Plenty to do the young may find,
In these our busy days;
Sad would it be, though young and small,
If I were of no use at all.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN OCTOBER.

ONE gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed;
May though a trifle poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed.
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing.

FIRST SUNDAY IN NOVEMBER.

God made our eyes, and can discern
Whichever way we think to turn;
He made our ears and He can hear,
Whene'er we think no one is near;
In every place, by night and day,
He knows whate'er we do or say.

SECOND SUNDAY IN NOVEMBER.

I WILL love God, my Father,
For all his gifts to me;
For all the pleasant sounds I hear,
And lovely sights I see.

I will ask God, my Father,
To make me kind and mild,
And help me when I strive to be
A gentle, loving child.

THIRD SUNDAY IN NOVEMBER.

How vain we are! How fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new,
When the poor sheep and silk worm wore
That very clothing long before;

The tulips and the butterfly,
Appear in gayer coats than I;
Let me be dressed fine as I will,
Flies, worms and flowers exceed me still.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN NOVEMBER.

I HAVE two eyes, so bright and clear
And they see things afar and near,
The bird, the tree, the floweret small
And the blue sky, high over all:
God gave those two bright eyes to m
And his are all things that I see.

FTH SUNDAY IN NOVEMBER.

w quietly the snow comes down,
Vhen all are fast asleep,
l plays a thousand funny pranks,
'er vale and mountain steep,
loth to earth a deed of love,
hough in a wintry way;
l her turf green will greener be,
or the snow that has fallen to day.

FIRST SUNDAY IN DECEMBER.

THROUGH all the busy daylight,
Through all the quiet night,
Whether the stars in the sky
Or the sun is shining bright,
Whatever I may do, wherever I may be
Although I see him not, yet God sees me

SECOND SUNDAY IN DECEMBER.

LORD thine eye is closed never,
When night casts o'er Earth her hood,
Thou remainest wakeful ever,
And art like a shepherd good;
Who through every darksome hour,
Tends his flock with watchful power.

THIRD SUNDAY IN DECEMBER.

When daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God will not answer what I say,
Unless I feel it too.

Oh let me never, never dare,
To act the trifler's part,
Or think that God will hear a prayer,
Which comes not from the heart.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN DECEMBER.

This is the happy Christmas time,
That gave our Jesus birth,
When in that far off Eastern clime
He came to gladden earth;

He came to teach the little child,
To be as he was then;
Gentle, obedient and mild,
To bless the world again.

FIFTH SUNDAY IN DECEMBER.

The year is just going away,
The moments are finishing fast;
Lord look, in thy mercy, I pray,
To pardon the sin that is past.

And as soon as a new one begins,
Oh help me to walk in thy fear,
That I may not with follies and sins
So foolishly waste a New Year.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Little children, can you say,
Why we love the Christmas Day?
Yes! 'twas Jesus' birthday morn,
Yes! to-day was Jesus born.

Father, Mother kind and dear,
Remember well our birthdays here,
And shall we then forget to-day,
That this is Jesus Christ's birthday.

'T was many years ago to-day,
The babe in the manger cradled lay;
By night their song the shepherds sing,
Their gifts to him the wise men bring

We've no gifts, dear Lord to bring,
Only a little we can sing;
But we'll try to live thy word,
And be the children of our Lord.

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